

Inspirations by Keith Gilbert

Some books are art, some inspire art. This collection of rhyming reviews by the Poet Laureate of the Last Thursday Book Club were each inspired by a selection of the month.

Lolita by Vladimir Nabokov (maybe December 1993)

High Reflections on Lo

Twas nigh on fifty years ago
That Humbert, a pervert he;
Longed for his Lo
So long and deep
And diddled her with lust 'n glee.

Lo - a pubescent lass, pre-teen
He fondled her where she'd never been
Lolita, Light of his Life, Fire in his dong,
Old Hum plucked her deep, he plunked her long,
Twiddled her strings with sonorous dong.

Seems he couldn't get enough of Lo -
Traveled together, to and fro -
Methinks she gave sex for comfort, this little tart
And he swapped comfort for sex ... but gave his heart.

Alas, both went their separate ways
Left ol' Hum in a frightful daze.
He killed Quilty, lost his mind
And Lo ... another Dick did find!

So, in summary, what sin did old Hum do?
Well yes, he twiddled 'n fondled our ingenue -
But in fact Lo was no naive 'n innocent lass -
She knew how to bounce her boobs and gyrate her ass.

So I ask you ... is old Hum a leetch?
No, rather a moral leper, a bumbling wretch.
Our dilemma is the man's a jerk
But the story's a gem, a masterwork.
In fact, I myself feel slightly queerer
'Cause I see a bit of me in Nabokov's mirror.

Finally, my grade, a solid "B"
No timeless message, but a great storee!

Tuesdays with Morrie by Mitch Albom (June 2000)

Morrie Story

Tonight we review "Tuesdays with Morrie"
It's really quite a simple story
Our dying prof can't walk-the-walk
So instead he tries to talk-the-talk.

It's neither deep nor too profound
Though aphorisms do abound
Our book is fueled by pure emotion
Alas, for the mind 'tis a tepid potion.

The great Secrets of Life are not found here
Instead, the secretions of Death I hear:
Bile, phlegm, poop, and snot
Imbue the innards of this plot.

Morrie's message: Love's the bottom line -
Keep Love, give Love, we'll all be fine.
And as for one's final journey - don't look back
Just load lots of Love in your back pack.

Grades are rendered by Bibliofools like me
And old Mitch gets a "Consumptive C."

The Last Battle by Cornelius Ryan (*Aug 2001*)

Führer & The Fog

**The fog rolls in
The Führer in his final foxhole
Hunkers in the bunker
A fortnight to finale
Wagner's GotterDammerüng flows freely
The fulsome, foaming fog of war ...**

**Führer's orders: Fight to finish
Starre Verteidigung ... Stand Fast!
General Heinrici ... Capitulate, we are finis
Führer's retort: Keep Faith!
The eternally ethereal fog of war ...**

**Americans on fast track attack
Reach the Elbe ... no turning back!
Ike gets duped ... a Russky fondle
Stops his foray ... Decides to stay
Flummoxed by the Red Fog of War.**

**Now Generals Koniev and Zhukov
Whittle down the formerly ferocious Nazis
Zhukov's ploy: A Phalanx of 40,000 pieces
And a thousand arcs of light
To pierce the gloaming fog
And Le Femmes finessed these foglights
Defining Ground Zero for the fiery Deutsche weapons
Alas, only a few survived
The fuzzy, feeble, foxy fog of war.**

**Der Führer falling further, in a funk
Hunkering in the deepest, darkest recesses
Almost "Speered" by fatal gas
Wafting into his FührerBunker**

But saved by a new SS flue

The capricious fog of war.

Berlin fortifications ... simply wimpy

Siegfried, Maginot ... done with mirrors

Troops ill-prepared, old veterans of the VolkSturm

The flimsy, fleeting, flighty fog of war.

Führer's Fortress ... Gigantic Flak towers

His besotted fetid philosophy

He squints through the enveloping fog:

"Wo ist Steiner? Wo ist Wenke?"

Alas he cannot see he's run to empty

The stifling, churning fog of war.

Again Führer forbids surrender ... fight on!

The final orgasm a ghastly gruel

Of gruesome gore 'n guts

He finishes self as a crumpled coward

A bullet followed by a pill for Eva

Folded in rugs and set aflame.

Führer saved face – and jaw,

The rest was char.

The deadly, flaming fog of war.

The battle finally finished – its final hour

Herr Heinrich Schwarz ... "Abu, Abu..."

The fluttering stork flies to freedom

And flora flourishes as Berlin's rebirth ensues.

And so, the Fog rolls in, the Fog rolls out

And reminds us just what war's about

Tis not to win or lose, I say

But to survive another day ...

Until the next fog finds us!

To the Lighthouse by Virginia Woolf (July 2003)

Hark From Hebrides / Isle of Skye To the Darkhouse A Stream of Review ...

Plot is pallid, action is glacial: a story without beginning or end

Part A

- * Mrs Ramsey: serene, maternal ... loved by all
- * Mr. Ramsey: cold curmudgeon
 - loves wife, but mute
 - sought sympathy, but misogynist: "Women can't paint, can't write"
 - endlessly plans, postpones trip to the lighthouse; dangles offspring on a string
 - kids hate him
- * Stream of consciousness describes conflicts, tensions, and endless dinner: 10^6 words to capture a simple picture
- * Mrs Ramsey dies, drying up the stream of consciousness (60% of the book)

Part B:

Here the writing is more dynamic but discursive

- * House deserted/ decays/ creepy creatures invade
- * Lily Briscoe returns (from where?)
- * House refurbished; Mr. Ramsey and siblings re-gather (how? from where?)
- * Lily - Meditation picture: what she sees and loves
- * Kids again ponder patricide/ but then Mr. Ramsey provides kudos to James
- * Boat goes to the Lighthouse
- * Lily's picture is fuzzy as is her vision

My take: a fuzzy journey without end ...

